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ments that glow in his own. We are not yet prepared to acquiesce in his conclusions. We agree with him that the rebels have forfeited constitutional protection for their human chattels ; we see plainly that the exigencies of the war may render emancipation inevitable ; but it seems to us that this measure would, in the present posture of affairs, be disastrous equally to the slaves and the now dominant race. Whenever the Africans receive the gift of freedom, it should be under circumstances in which their industry could be directed and employed for the common good. Otherwise, a war of races would be inevitable ; and this, while it might crush the rebellion, could hardly fail to make a desert of the soil on which it was waged.

ART. VIII.—1. *The Okavango River. A Narrative of Travel, Exploration, and Adventure.* By CHARLES JOHN ANDERSSON, Author of “Lake Ngami.” With numerous Illustrations and a Map of Southern Africa. New York : Harper and Brothers. 1861. 8vo. pp. 414.

2. *The Last Travels of Ida Pfeiffer: inclusive of a Visit to Madagascar. With an Autobiographical Memoir of the Author.* Translated by H. W. DULKEN. New York : Harper and Brothers. 1861. 12mo. pp. 281.

OUR instalment of “African Travels” for the past quarter is unusually small and insignificant. Only two works have come to our hand ; and these not of high or permanent value ;—neither of them adds much to geographical or ethnographical science ; neither of them has more than mediocre literary ability or finish. The first-named, indeed, must be pronounced a very poor specimen of book-making. The style of Mr. Andersson’s previous volume had not prepared us to expect a brilliant book ; but in interest and variety “The Okavango River” falls off largely from the sporting narrative of “Lake Ngami.” The bulk of the volume is ludicrously disproportioned to its substance of information, and the whole of the

thick octavo pages might easily be compressed into a thin duodecimo. The style is diffuse, conceited, and sentimental, redundant in weak epithets and incorrect metaphors. One of Mr. Andersson's peculiarities as a writer, which he evidently regards as a charm of his style, is the habit of recording his own thoughts, and his words in conversation, marking them with quotation-marks. These self-quotations are usually of the most trivial kind, and not a single saying of Andersson thus emphasized has in it, to an ordinary comprehension, either wit or wisdom. As he goes through Damara land, he says, “‘Death,’ I exclaimed, ‘would be preferable to banishment in such a country.’” Another of his “exclamations” with which he favors us is, “Good God! there goes my wagon and some poor fellow with it.” *Apropos* of some poisonous wild beans which his cook had picked up on the road, he writes: “Seeing him about to put them into the saucepan, I remarked, ‘Mortar, I was once made very ill by eating those beans in a raw state,’ adding that I thought they might prove harmless if properly prepared by fire.” At another time he remarks to Mortar of the wind: “That’s a lusty blusterer.” At another time he says, when “bull-elephants” were signalled: “‘Capital!’ I responded, in the same subdued tone.” And these are fair selections from the thoughts and conversations of this lion-hunter, as they are scattered through the volume. He has, moreover, a ready supply of poetical and Latin quotations appropriate to the scenes and adventures which he describes; his wild beasts are “*feræ naturæ*”; one old elephant is a “*paterfamilias*”; among the Bushmen, woman is the “*belli tetricima causa*”; in the African forest he “could not, like the outlaws of the forest of Ardennes, recline

‘Under an oak, whose antique roots peep out
Upon the brook that brawls along the wood.’”

And as he gazes on Kozengo, after “muttering” two or three questions in prose, he adds in verse three lines as follows:—

“So as I gazed on him, I thought or said,
‘Can this be death? then what is life or death?
Speak! but he spoke not: ‘Wake! but still he slept.’”

His longest poetical quotation is from Pringle, “perhaps the

only poet who has derived inspiration from Africa." He is probably not familiar with the verses of Victor Hugo and other French and Spanish poets, but he evidently in this remark forgets some things that Cowper and Montgomery have written.

In the volume Mr. Andersson appears in three principal characters,—as hunter, as martyr, and as the head of an exploring expedition. As a hunter, he is of course skilful and fortunate, finds "a fair sprinkling of game" when he wants it, and "bags" giraffes, wild boars, lions, rhinoceroses, and elephants, with as much ease as a common sportsman would bag rabbits and snipes. Elephants are the game which he prefers to all others, and in the region where he travelled they seem to have been providentially abundant. They are the most profitable game to shoot, not only on account of the ivory, but on account of the large quantity of meat which they furnish. A full-grown elephant makes about two tons of beef, and the proboscis and feet are rare and epicurean delicacies. Mr. Andersson, however, seems rather to prefer lion cutlets to elephant steaks, and expatiates upon the white and tender flesh of the king of the forest. Some marvellous feats of eating among the native Bushmen are recorded in his volume, and the elephants which he slaughters are devoured by his camp-followers with wonderful rapidity. One painful confession this bold hunter makes, that in the night-time he is terribly afraid of a man-eating lion; and he gives at length a dream, in which one of these monsters appeared, and fascinated him, so that he thought his heart would burst. In the daytime he is a match for any enemy, "white or black, beast or man"; but when the grim old lion comes along at night, he is a miserable coward. We shall spare our readers any detail of Mr. Andersson's sporting adventures, by night or day, and any account of his numerous narrow escapes,—his "decent shooting," which means that "I bagged a fine stag koodoo and two giraffes," and the elephant charge, when *paterfamilias* "actually tore up by the roots and carried off a whole tree." A spirited engraving represents the "enraged brute" in the act of impaling the tree with his tusks, and reminds one of the stag which Münchhausen shot with cherry-stones. His best

long shot seems to have been at an ostrich, which he killed at a distance of 1052 feet. “I felt proud of the performance.”

As a martyr, Mr. Andersson is entitled to the sympathy of his readers. He is vexed with all kinds of “ labors, dangers, and sufferings,” is misled, cheated, threatened, loses men, animals, wagons, provisions, courage, health, and his way, and is compelled to frequent mournful meditations on his forlorn condition, and, to use his favorite word, “jeopardous” prospects. Here we have one of these sad outbursts:—

“Health and strength, time and the season, had been thus wasted and lost, heavy pecuniary sacrifices made, the life of men and valuable beasts jeopardized, bright prospects blighted, and all—all to so little purpose! My feelings on this memorable occasion may be more easily imagined than described.”

The most exciting chapter in the volume, on the wild game of Omanbondé, opens with this touching retrospect:—

“It was now eight years and a half since I first visited Omanbondé. Eight years and a half! the fifth part of man’s life in its full vigor. What was I at the beginning of this period, and what am I now? Where are the once ruddy cheeks? Where is that elasticity of foot and spirit that once made me laugh at hardships and dangers? Where that giant health and strength that enabled me to vie with the natives in enduring the extremes of heat and cold, of hunger, thirst, and fatigue? Gone, gone,—ay, forever! The spirit still exists unsubdued, but what with constant care, anxiety, and exposure, the power of performance has fled, leaving but the shadow of my former self. What have I accomplished during these long years? What is the result of all this toil, this incessant wear and tear of body and mind? The answer, if candid, must be apparently very little. This is a sad retrospect of the fifth part of a man’s life while still in the pride of manhood. And yet I feel that I have not been idle,—that I have done as much as any man under similar circumstances could have done; and so, with this poor consolation, I must rest content.”

This poor, broken “shadow of a man” has not lost his faculty in shooting elephants, as this chapter abundantly proves.

Mr. Andersson’s intimation that his exploration was a failure is, we are sorry to say, quite substantiated by his narrative. He undertook to find and to describe the Okavango River, and

the region which it waters, starting from Otjimbingué on the Atlantic, near the Tropic of Capricorn, and travelling inland in a northeasterly direction. His route lay through a new country, where it was very necessary that dates, distances, and daily observations should be given. Although he kept a journal, he did not choose, or did not have time, to mention these minor details. It is impossible from his narrative to tell how far he travelled, or in exactly what directions; and the map which accompanies the American edition is not a copy from any map which he prepared, nor was there any map inserted in his book. There is as much indefiniteness in his narrative as in that of Du Chaillu, though by no means the same amount of anachronism and contradiction.

The length of time occupied by Mr. Andersson in all his journeys through the country of the Damara and the Ovambo was about two years. He left the coast on the 22d of March, 1858, and reached the missionary station on his return in the spring of 1860. For a considerable portion of this time he was prostrated by severe disease, and was frequently detained by want of water, by the jealousy of the savages, and by the excitement of sport. A good deal of time was also spent in retracing paths, where the way, after long trials, had been proved impracticable. Immense difficulties of roadway were encountered. Day after day the party were compelled to hew their path through an impenetrable thicket, and Mr. Andersson computes from an accurate calculation of the number of bushes cut down in the distance of three hundred yards, and the number of branches to each bush, and the number of strokes to cut each branch, that "the axe must have descended 12,000 times in the course of a single mile"; and that, in the course of two hundred miles, they did actually cut down 200,000 bushes and trees with 2,400,000 strokes of the axe! There are few feats of wood-cutting on record more remarkable than this; and it is heightened by the fact that this jungle was not on level ground, but on mountainous ridges, often very steep.

The region which Mr. Andersson traversed in his unfortunate journeys, where he had so frequently to return upon his path, and where he came near seeing things which he never

saw, and finding things which he never found, lies between the 17th and 23d parallels of south latitude, and the 14th and 19th meridians of east longitude. The surface of the country is mostly mountainous. The Kaoko range extends north and south, parallel with the coast, some fifty miles distant, and from this transverse ranges stretch far into the interior. The mountains are rugged, densely wooded, broken by ravines, with summits difficult of access. While there are several rivers of considerable size,—the Swakop, the Omaruru, a quarter of a mile wide, with beautiful scenery on its banks, the Omu-ramba,—and a great number of smaller water-courses, for a large part of the year travelling is made unsafe by the difficulty of finding water. The springs are very few. In the coast range of hills, granite is the prevailing rock; in the transverse range, the limestone, chalk, and carboniferous formations are most common. The most abundant mineral is iron; but this is not wrought. Vegetation is luxuriant, and the varieties of the flora are exceedingly numerous. In the low lands the heat is oppressive, and malignant fevers are a perpetual scourge. Thunder-storms are frequent and terrific. The wild animals include almost every kind which Du Chaillu found, except the apes; the insects are a torment as great as in the countries which Livingstone explored, and the herds of elephants are beyond computation. As for the people, they seem to be much like the other native tribes in their manners, their dress, and their disposition, as gluttonous, filthy, cunning, and false. There are numerous tribes which are continually at war with one another. The Ovambo dread the Damaras, and the Ovambuenge are constantly dreading the attacks of the Makololo. Of their language, their religion, and their slave-traffic, Mr. Andersson has very little to say; and in fact his picture of the native races is extremely imperfect. He prefers the wild animals to the wild men. He records some characteristic acts, as of the Damara females who handed some roots to his companions which the men refused to give, a charity which compels him to ejaculate, “Kindness, thou hast built thyself a noble temple,—woman!” Yet in another place he is moved by the loss of a servant, seduced from the caravan by the wiles of his wife, to offer the bitter sarcasm, “The Persian

monarch, who so ungallantly said that women were at the bottom of all mischief, was, I take it, not very far wrong." His observations of the lower races are more accurate than his observations of the human tribes. The most curious natural phenomena which he mentions are the "pink mirage," made by the reflection of the sun's rays from a mass of red granite; the omatali-tree, with its heart-shaped leaves, covered underneath with the honey-cells of insects, the *omomborombonga*, or *parent*-tree, which inspires Mr. Andersson to write an original poem of extraordinary doggerel, as remarkable as Napier's lines in the Swiss inn; the fact that all the acacia-trees are unsound; and the tremendous fires that continually break out in the pastures and thickets. Of the Okavango River, the northern limit of his journey, he has comparatively little to say. He corrects the error that it empties into the Atlantic, and soliloquizes it into the interior of Africa, takes a short sail upon it, has an interview with some of the Ovaquangari, the rude and warlike tribe on its northern bank, is made a show of by his sly boatman, expresses his opinion of the fair sex in this region, that they are "an exceedingly ugly-looking lot,—thick-set, square, with clumsy figures, bull-dog lips, and broad flat faces,"—hideous enough without the grease and ochre which made them disgusting, and, except in lack of intelligence, suitable "models for the Furies." The river, as he saw it, was three hundred feet wide, with fertile, well-wooded, and picturesque banks, very full of fish, and as lively with ducks and geese as a sportsman could wish. Fever and unfriendly chiefs stopped Mr. Andersson's progress, and just as he has begun to find something new, he is compelled to turn back. He is barely able to describe the fish-traps of the Ovaquangari, which are not very unlike the weirs formerly used for alewives in Taunton Great River.

The twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh chapters, which are compiled from the narratives of other travellers, give a good account of the coast line for twenty degrees, from Cape Town to the Portuguese colonies. The style of these writers—Owen, Messum, and Morrell—is decidedly better than that of Mr. Andersson. The closing chapter of the volume tells of the island of Ichaboe, and gives a history of the important,

but short-lived, commerce carried on with that barren rock. This chapter is so well written and free from egotism, that we can hardly recognize it as the work of the same author who has given us in the preceding chapters so many platitudes in italics and quotation-marks.

The other work named at the head of this article, of no great value as a record of discovery, is yet far more respectable, both in style and tone, than the work of Mr. Andersson. Madame Pfeiffer always relates what she sees in a very natural, direct, and unassuming manner. Her present volume, the last, unfortunately, of an entertaining series, has found in Mr. Dulcken a competent translator, and its English is as idiomatic and correct as if it were originally an English book. The Introduction and the first seven chapters (about two fifths of the volume) are occupied with a well-written biography of the brave lady traveller, compiled by her son from her own manuscripts, the account of her journey from Vienna to Rotterdam, observations upon life in Bavaria, Prussia, Holland, London, and Paris, and the voyage to the islands of Bourbon and Mauritius, with descriptions of both those islands, their natural scenery, their industry, and the manners of their people. These have been so often visited that we need not dwell upon Madame Pfeiffer's story, which only confirms the accounts of previous travellers. The African portion of the book properly begins with the eighth chapter, in which the author gives a geographical and historical sketch of the island of Madagascar, which has the merit of exceeding brevity, being but seven pages in length. The history of the island certainly has few points of interest. Its first appearance in the books is in the voyages of Marco Polo in the thirteenth century. It was visited by the Portuguese in 1506; and in 1642 the French began that effort to colonize it, in which they have never fully succeeded, yet which they have never fairly relinquished, though their foothold in the island seems to have been lost since 1786. Equally futile have been the English attempts, within the present century, to colonize the island; and it is at present substantially an immense empire, subject to the despotic rule of Queen Ranavola, who, if Madame Pfeiffer's picture be correct, has the talent of the English Elizabeth.

joined to the spirit of the Hebrew Jezebel, and is at once a sagacious sovereign and a blood-thirsty tigress. Her husband Radama presented a fine instance of an enlightened savage king, favoring civilization, opening public schools, introducing letters, abolishing capital punishment for many offences, and prohibiting the slave-trade. It is mentioned as an exception to his generally wise ordinances, that he forbade the making of roads, lest by these the English should be able to come in and possess the land. He was a skilful military leader, and was proud of his oratorical gifts. Unfortunately, his dissolute habits undermined a constitution naturally vigorous, and his death at the age of thirty-six was a terrible calamity to the island, in giving it over to the tender mercies of his fiendish consort. For three and thirty years this horrible female has tyrannized in Madagascar.

The population of Madagascar is not homogeneous. Four races inhabit the island,—Kaffirs in the south, Arabs in the east, Negroes in the west, and Malays in the interior. The reigning race is the Malay, to which Queen Ranavola belongs; and, with the exception of a small part of the southern shore, the whole island is now under her dominion. And it is a monstrous territorial empire for a savage prince,—nine hundred miles in length and four hundred in breadth,—larger than France or Austria. The population is sparse for so large an area, even when it is reckoned as high as six millions. In this great space all varieties of soil, climate, natural features, and vegetation are found; lofty, snow-clad mountains, large lakes and rivers, immense forests, broad plains, and impenetrable swamps. The wild animals are comparatively few. There are no lions or tigers, no elephants or giraffes; no game, in fact, which a sportsman like Mr. Andersson would condescend to shoot. Black parrots, wild hogs, wild dogs, and wild cats are the game of the island; and its worst vermin are black spiders and centipedes. Some native St. Patrick has cleared the island of venomous serpents.

Madame Pfeiffer was kindly warned before she came to this island of the difficulties she would find in travelling, and of the danger of trusting herself to the power of the malevolent queen. But she was not the person to turn back from any

enterprise, and its danger made it only the more attractive. Her first experiences were not encouraging. On landing at Tamatavé, after detention for many hours off the port, she was met by the peculiarly European salute of the officers of the customs, was personally inspected by them, and her baggage was carefully "visited." Her impressions of the boarding-house of Mademoiselle Julie, the Frenchified Malagasey matron, were those of dirt, discomfort, and disgust. She was compelled to observe the style of daily hair-dressing, and its entomological revelations; to submit to all kinds of impositions; to hear conversation anything but chaste; and to take stoically the loss by larceny of watch and money. Her notes of this seaport of Madagascar, where she had to stay several weeks, are that immense cargoes of *oxen*, but *no cows*, are exported; that the houses of the common people are low huts, with no windows, one room, and two doors; that the bazaar is exceedingly wretched, the whole stock in trade of some dealers being worth not more than a quarter of a piastre; that meat is bought not by weight, but by the size of the piece, measured by the eye; that the *hide* of an ox is sold, as an epicurean delicacy, in strips with the meat; that coins are cut into *small chips*, and are readily counterfeited; that rice and avana, a sort of spinach prepared in fat, are the principal food, and rice-water is the principal drink; that bad smells are no objection to favorite dishes; that the spoons are made of *folded leaves*; that journeys are taken in sedan-chairs; that a master may beat his slave to death, provided his stick is not tipped with iron; that profligacy and thievishness are universal characteristics; that a man is entitled to all the children which his wife may have, whether she has been divorced or not, or whether he is living or dead; and that a woman divorced may have as many children as she wishes, though she may not marry again. The personal appearance of the Tamatavé natives, as she describes it, is repulsive in the extreme. Their hair is coarse wool, often two feet long, and plaited into "little tails" all over the head; their color is a muddy brown; their noses are flat, their chins protruding, and their cheek-bones prominent; their clothing is the *sadile*, a strip around the loins, and the *simbee*, a sort of white sheet which they wrap

about their limbs ; the only decent feature is the white teeth, and in some instances the handsome eyes. It is incredible to Madame Pfeiffer that an educated Frenchman like Mr. Ferdinand Diche could have been willing to adopt the manners of such a race, and to become the lord of such a harem.

After a fortnight's stay at Tamatavé, Madame Pfeiffer was joined by her friend, Mr. Lambert, and on the 19th of May, 1857, set out on her journey to Tananariva, the capital, situated some two hundred miles westward, in the mountains. The journey, which was performed on lakes and rivers for the earlier part of the way, lasted twelve days. Between these lakes and rivers were *portages*, over which the boats and baggage had to be carried. When the mountain region was reached, the bad roads began, steep, slippery, rough, and impeded by thickets, equal to anything in Kurdistan, Sumatra, or Iceland. But the courage of the traveller did not fail, and her open eyes saw many curious things ; the Kafia palm, with leaves fifteen feet long, from which mats are made ; the sago-palm, with edible pith, which the natives will not eat ; the water-palm, in which between the leaf and the stem the traveller always finds water ; the *besa-besa*, the national punch, made of water, sugar-cane juice, and bitter bark ; snuff taken not by the nostrils, but the mouth ; the narrowness of the valleys, the rarity of the villages, and the misery of the people ; the bitter grass of the mountains which cattle will not eat. On the way, too, they witnessed the celebration of the annual "Bath-Feast" of the queen, which corresponds to our Fourth of July, attended by the most wasteful slaughter of oxen, and the most extravagant drinking, singing, and dancing.

The limits prescribed to this article will not allow us to enter further into Madame Pfeiffer's experiences in the capital of Madagascar. She was unfortunate enough to get entangled in a plot of her friend, Mr. Lambert, and another favored foreigner, Mr. Laborde, with the crown prince Rakoto, to dethrone the queen and bring about a revolution. The plot was discovered, and imprisonment for some weeks in Tananariva, a hasty return journey to the coast, and a peremptory banishment, were the result of the Quixotic enterprise. Her ill-fortune Madame Pfeiffer attributes in no small degree to the Protestant mission-

aries, for whom she frequently expresses her strong dislike. She was, however, singularly favored in being permitted to depart alive, since Queen Ranavola's practice was not usually lenient to such offenders. Her danger did not interfere with her observations, and, in spite of plotting and captivity, she used her time to advantage. She tells of the Sikidy oracle, by which the fortunes of men are divined from the form taken by beans and stones shaken together; of the army discipline, by which the captain of a company is bastinadoed, if many of his men are absent from review; of the *eleven castes*, from the royal family to the black slaves; of the royal palace, "one of the wonders of the world," the chief column of which occupied twelve days in its erection, and employed five thousand men; of the *tanguin*, or test by poison, an ordeal of dreadful certainty, which can be successfully passed only in almost fatal purging; of the queen's ingenious logic, who when her goldsmiths and silversmiths had furnished to her order better work than they at first produced, praised their work, but had them sold as slaves, because they had not at first done their best; of the funeral and the monument of the favorite bull, bull-fighting being a national pastime; of the "foot-boxing," or kicking match, a popular winter amusement, very dangerous to limbs and bones; of the *dainties* of Madagascar, beetles, locusts, silk-worms, and other insects; of the excessive indolence of the people, and their excessive voracity; of the receptions at court; of the Kabar, and its horrors; and of a hundred other entertaining things in the customs of the people and her own adventures. The one statement to which we are not yet prepared to assent is, that the people of Madagascar have *no religion* and *no idea of a God*. It may be so; but Madame Pfeiffer has not given sufficient proof of the fact.